We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.
Chiefe Watch. A great suspition, stay the *Frier* too, too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That cals our person from our mornings rest?
Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*
Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open out-cry to ward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Souereigne, here lyes the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild.
Prin. Search, seeke and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a *Frier*, and slaughtred *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
Cap. O Heauen! O Wife! looke how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistane, for loe his house,
Is emptie on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my Daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the moneth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can cleere these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head their true descent,

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death: meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heare I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious Tale.
Romeo there dead, was Husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death,
Banish't the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin'd.
You, to remoue that siege of griefe from her,
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce,
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my Letter backe, then all alone
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,